

# MONSIEUR COVENANT'S

## Last VVILL and TESTAMENT.

**S** Ick, mortally sick, heart-sick, and without hope of redemption; yet of as sound, and perfect memory, as when I was *Master of the Treasury*, and kept the *Register of State-consciences* in mine own hand. And though my *foundation* be thrown down, and the *lease of my life* near *done*, I have left that behind me which shall give *cause* to Posterity to remember me. So as, though I, *Rump-like*, should fry in the *fire*: or *Phanix-like* be resolv'd to mouldred ashes, my *memory* shall live still in the *Calender of the GOOD OLD CAUSE*; in defence whereof I appeared so stout a *Champion*, till these late *Vindicators* of their *Liberty* sought me out of breath. Wherein how I behaved my self both *here* and in that *Neighbouring-Nation* (which received me, nay nursed me, as if I had been their *Darling*) I freely appeal to my *Compurgators*, those many trusty *Co-jurers* of mine, who swore valiantly for me; nay swore many out of their *lives* and *fortunes*, that they might more devotionally serve me. But these *Memorials* suit not with my condition, I am now marching to my *Dooms*, for now that *Spir-fire*, that *Tyburn* topman appears, who has made *Exchange* of his *Loup* with a *Link*, to squib out my Spirit with his *consuming light*. Now then to my *WILL*, though I have no *Will* to make it, for though I value not the world much, having so unfaithfully dealt with me, and broke my *COVENANT*: yet so indeared be my *Allies* to me, and so stoutly have they sided with me, and so unanimously supported me, as it is a torment to me to leave them in the *Lees*; or like mouldred *Scale-drakes* drilling, and drivelling under-water, sculking like so many forlorn *Runnagado's* in every blind corner, and cursing those *Incedimaries* of my deferred *Covenant*, the sole foretresse of their honour.

It is not unknown to me how saucily one of the *Cavalier-Synod*

A

jeer'd

jeer'd me before my sentence was pronounced, who standing up used these words ; *Whereas he was of opinion, that the Covenant had been so long time laid aside, as he verily thought it was grown moist and dampish : and consequently lesse apt to take fire ; he held it fitting that those fiery and spiriely Works of Mr. PRIN should be joynd to it, to make it more combustible.*

In the disposal then of my *Corporal Estate* (for *Temporal* I have none worth looking after) civil gratitude enjoyns me to bestow my best wishes, and bequeath my *chiefest Legacies* upon my *choicest friends*. First, it is my *Will* (which I hope my *Testators* will never labour to reverse, nor question in a *Court of Conscience*, a *Synodall* which I have ever mortally hated) that after *disseltion* of my *body*, the constitution whereof I have felt daily failing and falling into decay, ever since my dear *Rump* was so Jewishly circumcised, nay shamefully carbonado'd ; this small remainder or Fag-end of my *Covenanters* receive to their sole use and behoof the light, and benefit of mine *Eyes* ; knowing well that they must either look about them, or be catcht ; and so become a pitiful prey to those that hate them. As for my *Brains*, I bestow them on the *Phanatick*, his Zeal makes him more *desperate* then *discreet*. Let him fight, but know the power of his *Complices* first. I could wish too, that when he has sufficiently supplied his own *Interest* ; in a Brotherly pity he would contribute his assistance to my *feverish Brother* the *upright Quaker* : who though he would not attest my *Covenant* with an Oath (being a tie which his *scrupulous Conscience* ever bogled at) yet cordially held he closely to the mainest of my *Anarchicall Principles*. In lieu whereof (for I would never appear regardlesse of the security of my friend) it is my desire that the grossest, and unrefinedest part of those *Brains* bequeathed as aforesaid, should be infused, and carefully boiled in a pipkin, with some grains of *Mercury*, pure and unmortified *quick-silver*, with sundry other Chymicall Ingredients, artificially mixed : purposely to enliven the drowfie Spirit of my *Quaker*, and make him more factiously active. This is the best *receipt* that can be applyed to his crazy condition ; both to secure him in the *Holy wayes* of his *Calling*, as likewise to fortifie him in any action of service wherein his *beloved fraternity* shall be pleased to employ him : or in whatsoever he shall be affronted by those *Libertines* that shall maligne him. And to inable him  
the

the better, it were not amiss, if he chaf'd, and cheer'd his sinew-shrunk arteries with the *nerve-oyle* of a sprightly *Leveller*: this will scruce up his drooping Spirit to a lofty pin.

But give me leave a little to look *upward* before I go *downward*: and travel over Sea by *direction*, where I shall never be received by colour of my *Commission*. And in the first place, my dear and trusty *GOF*, I must not forget thee; thou held my *Covenant* for an Article of Faith, and spoke stoutly for it, till thy *pipes* grew accidentally *stops*: to supply which defect, and render me thankful, I bequeath thee my *Lungs*: before *Dun* dismal hand handle them, either by *seizing* or *cinging* them. 2ly, I am to have an eye on my old friend *HILSON*, for that *one-eyed Aulman* can find *no more* for me; I do leave him a *Spectacle* with *one light* which an honest *Monoculist* bestow'd on me at his death, and some little time before the birth of my now discountenanc'd *Covenant*. To put him upon a *design* I shall not need, his *Profession* was never without *Ends*. I could wish him both his eyes to prevent a sad one. But I fear infinitely (if my fear could secure him) that the *blind Hunx*, unless he break his chain, will scarcely escape the Nooze, for he is sure to be baited by two tried dogs, and both of the *Garden*, that will *Collar* with him: *Ball* and *Punter*, I mean, who know how to *hold*, and *keep* him at advantage. As for my *discarded Jeweller* unfortunate *BAXTER*, it grieves me to hear his *Tower-rents* *disrented*. It was once in my mind to have sent him over a Ream or two of my scattered *Covenants* (for both *Presse* and *State* grew weary of them) purposely to wrap up his rich *Carknets*, *Bracelets*, and *Lockers*: but hearing lately how all those *precious Prizals* were by misprision laid in *Lavander*, their *unhappy conversion* sav'd me a labour.

I am not unmindful of Commissary *WHALEY*, nor those insupportable affronts his undaunted patience has incountered in my defence. I could willingly bequeath him my *Stomack*, with which I might sometimes have compared with the *Estrich*: for *Iron* is of easier digestion then *wrongs*. But his intimacy with our *Great Master OLIVER* (if he may safely pass over the *Argyian Flood*) will afford him better advice, and quicker relieve, if there be any Place or Office in that *Region*, then the Countenance or Sollicitancy of his nearest *Allies* here. So as I leave him there to take up *free-quarter*.

—Oh me! the fear of my approaching dispatch (for I hear *DUN*

at the door) had<sup>d</sup> q<sup>u</sup>ire put out of my mind the memory of my incloistered Crimson Favourite Justice *LISLE*; his *Sanctuary* or *book*, I hope will save him; otherwise those *decayed Carcasses* of his *old acquaintance* lately lodged near *Paddington* will prefer their *Petition* by a solicitous *Mercury*, for the injoyment of his *Company*.

Thus from the ashes of my cindrous fortunes have I contributed to my cashier'd friends. Legs have I yet left me, which I would bestow for Legacies on those *in-grated Cubs* in the *Tower*, if they could make use of them. But since they cannot, I must: being now jogging on to that *place* which I hated most: and to that *end* which I feared least.—Yet *Solamen miseris*! I see by a *Landskip* my ancient constant Comrade *ARGILE*, (whose *Nation*, though it gave me *first birth*, it most unnaturally doom'd me to death) stalking same way, and the very same \* day: while in this my *last walk*, I observe to mine honour, the pomp of the world emblemiz'd in me, and my late *Protector*. He left the world with a blast, I with a flash.

\* As it was reported and intended, though afterwards otherwise executed. With whom

Thus by *substance* (whereto it was voted by some who took it) is my *Covenant* quite rest of sense; and my desisted hopes of revivall.

two Stout Scotch Sectaries *GUTHREY* and *GIFFEN* our faithfull Covenanters, with undaunted courage suffered; Scoffing at death, saying, when their hands were tyed behind them with a Garter: *Take notice, Brethren, we are mounted to high honour, and now at our death invested with a gallant Order; for we are made Knights of the Garter!* So bravely did these *Kirk-Rufflers* domineer it in a *halter*.

**F I N I S.**